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LITERATURE.

MR. NOBLE'S LIFE OF THE ARTIST COLE.*

It is a piece of good fortune for the reputation of Thomas Cole that his papers have fallen into the hands, and his biography has been written by so loving, patient, faithful a chronicler as the Rev. Louis L. Noble. We know not, among the *disjecta membra* of modern memoirs, when we have met with so thoroughly genial and well-conceived a narrative as this gentleman's opening chapters of his friend's life. The style is inwrought with the very fibres of its subject, and is as perfect a reflection as we can conceive of the inner life and development of the artist. This is easily to be accounted for. Mr. Noble has every sympathy to be called for in such a work. He was the intimate companion of Cole in his many walks about the Catskills, sharing in his love and knowledge of all the breadths and intricacies of that varied region. As a poet in the school of Wordsworth, he is a patient admirer of the artist's subtle interpretation of nature, and as warmly alive to the rural element which was a necessity with Cole's fine organization. Still more, Mr. Noble, pastor of the Episcopal Church at Catskill, of which the artist was an attendant, may worthily unfold to us those religious schemes of art which entered so largely into the painter's later years; ideas and sentiments which gave the crowning grace to a character always simple, disinterested, and amiable.

Thomas Cole was born in England, in 1801. His father was one of those men who seem to possess every virtue in life, and to be still separated by some "thin partition" from success. He was a manufacturer; and the son, in his very boyhood, became a kind of operative artist, engraving simple designs for calico. In 1819, the family came to Philadelphia, where Cole worked on rude wood-engraving for a short time, till they left for the west, settling at Steubenville, Ohio, where the young artist passed a life of poverty and privation, travelling about the country as a portrait painter, or what not, groping his way slowly but effectually into the region of art. His love of nature and the amusement of his favorite flute alleviated the roughness of the track. Finding, in spite of prudence and economy, a near prospect of starvation before him in that country, at that time, he turns to the great cities of the Atlantic. An anecdote of this period has, verbally, its parallel on many similar occasions. "Cole was taking a solitary walk, unusually agitated by a recent conversation with his father: 'Well,' said he to himself, aloud, at the same moment picking up a couple of good-sized pebbles, 'I will put one of these upon the top of a stick; if I can throw, and knock it off with the other, I will be a painter; if I miss it, I will give up the thought for ever.' Stepping back some ten or twelve paces, he threw, and knocked it off. He turned and went home immediately, and made known his unalterable resolution."

At Philadelphia he patiently struggles and suffers, selling a couple of pictures for eleven dollars, and "ornamenting various articles, such as bellows, brushes, and japan-ware with

figures, views, birds and flowers." In 1825, at twenty-four years of age, he is at New York, where better fortune awaits him. His first success identifies him with his favorite scenery of the Catskills. He had visited that region, and painted, on his return, a view of the "Falls." This was purchased by Col. Trumbull, who made it a theme of liberal eulogy; and, with the friendship and appreciation of Dunlap and Durand, Cole became acquainted with the public. He was a prosperous painter at once. His pictures, from that time, may be divided into three classes, his minute and literal presentations of wild American scenery, his Italian scenes of Florence and Sicily, the result of his two European visits, and his moral and allegorical series, as the *Course of Empire* and the *Voyage of Life*. In 1836, and subsequently, he is permanently "at home" in the Catskills. His death took place there in February, 1848, at the age of forty-seven.

We shall now present a few brief sketches of scenes in the artist's life, which will show the spirit in which he lived, and the delicate and imaginative way in which this true biography is written.

Cole was by nature and always a still, shy, meditative man; kind, indeed, and attentive to others, but always bearing about the brooding, introspective thought. In his early life he sighed for solitude, and he found it literally in lonely nature and unsympathizing humanity when he first crossed the Alleghenies:—

SOLITUDE.

"It was the still and solitary pause on that romantic ground where youth first gazes feelingly forward into manhood. His breath was the odorous air of solitude; the voices to which he listened were voices of solitude; the objects of his contemplation rose up before him clothed with the apparel of the wilderness. The native loneliness of his soul and the loneliness of nature embraced and kissed each other. Then he fell back upon himself, as he had never fallen back upon himself before, and began sounding into the deeps, and winding through the mazes of his own affections and imagination. Longings of a shadowy nature began to rise within his heart, and move him with strange power. At times he strove to grasp them, and lead them captive in the bonds of poetry; at times they grasped and mastered him. He could feel them, but with no power adequate to their utterance. Then there were melancholy hours and long wanderings in the woods, and by the streams flowing merrily, and the great river moving solemnly, when he thought himself into moments of stillness, full of joys and sorrows, not without tears."

Of Cole's ardent, unwearied devotion to nature, we have this passage, which stamps Mr. Noble as a poet:—

INTIMACY WITH NATURE.

"Did life bear the least proportion to art, Cole would have walked the earth over and over, under the impulse which was ever carrying him with devout spirit into the crypt and up to the pinnacles of nature's temple, as well as with reverent footsteps towards her altar. As life is,—too short, in his own case, if one may breathe his natural regrets—he went far, and saw many things, and gleaned heavy sheaves. He laid his warm hand, day by day, upon what was to him the live, palpitating breast of the world; and where time and man had made deep wounds, and left the great scars, there he placed his fingers thoughtfully upon the bones. And then he took hold lovingly of the world's raiment, the sea, and the green turf, running waters, and forests; and watched the changing expression of the great

countenance; and lived upon the gloom and glory in which the world moves, and which repose upon its bosom, and give at once majesty and awe, sweetness and beauty, to its brow and temples—namely, darkness, distance, sunshine and colors, clouds and air.

"In speaking of his earnest seeking after nature's excellence and truth, of his gentle fearlessness, his quiet energy, his modest boldness, subtle, penetrating watchfulness, endless diligence, one's thoughts multiply like concentric circles from a steady dropping on a pool. With all the industry of a pilot's apprentice, he sounded with his eye, from many high places of the earth, the great airy deep—the dawn, and the pure, dark depth before the dawn—the colored west, and the north in the hour of its mysterious glow—up into the ethereal blue, and the fleeces of heaven—down into the dusty atmosphere of the valley. Things which never could be painted, creatures which never could appear in the skies and the air of art, but which, nevertheless, must be known in order to a true painter—the wing of the pigeon, flashing in the sun, the thistle-down sparkling on the breath of the lucid afternoon—were caught in the meshes of his glance, and held till the grace of their motion, the brightness of their show, and the life and splendor of which they were suggestive, were written on his memory, and immersed in the spring of his feelings. This may be counted fancy; no, it is only illustrative of fact. Neither is it less than true that of all on the earth, upon which, from the loftiest height, you can let fall the eye, there was literally nothing which to him was not the object of earnest affectionate contemplation. His diligence could find out more than we have ever found, from the aerial sweep of the mountain-line to the curves of the sea-shore. Easy slopes from the plain, stony steps into the clouds, he went up and down, even when others were asleep. What wonder, then, that the sweet company of green-sward dews and flowers, washing and scenting his footsteps, and of mists sprinkling their purity in his face, moving silently upward, were as household things, and all worked into his very love a blooming, precious embroidery? From the swell of the mountain's bosom, and the bristling crest of the bushy hill, to the pebbly bottom of the brook, running under the velvety bank through the meadow, was a study, rather ties of studies; broad shadows, shadows broken by the sun, broad sunshine, sunshine striped by shade, the wide sea of sunlight sparkling along the shore of the deep wide shadow, were the grandest studies; the vapory curtain dropped in the distance was a delicate study; airy spaces, separating nearer and remoter objects, were profound studies; fissures and chasms, tokens of the earth's primitive upheaval, the broken bank and the snapped tree, and the rotting tree with its jews-ears, the rock in its vesture of mosses, and the rock in its lichens, the rock under its fern, and the bare wet rock, were all careful studies; the bright eye of the pond and the black lock of night secreted from the noon-day among the boughs of the wood and in the roof of the cave's mouth, were rare and subtle studies; the force and not the curve only of the waterfall, the breaking back and not the rushing onward only of the torrent, the revolving masses and the power and not the surface only of the billow, the ghostly lightness, the spirit, the silent breathing and not the mass and motion only of the cloud, were all studies—studies of strong thought, studies of feeling, kindling often into glowing warmth; the forest-tops' myriad, each moving into each like waves on the yellow grain or the blue ocean, the solemn depths of the forest under, all surfaces and outlines broken and melting into wavy smoothness, ragged

* The *Course of Empire*, *Voyage of Life*, and other Pictures, by Thomas Cole, N. A., with selections from his Letters and Miscellaneous Writings, illustrative of his Life, Character, and Genius. By Louis L. Noble. Cornish, Lampart & Co.

edges and points, grappling roots, silken fibres sowing the seams of the soil, webs timid of the softest air, luminous dust darting into shadow from the gleaming ray, were also studies, aching and receiving the scrutiny of the patient, piercing eye; landscape lapped in the vale, tilth and groves, crystal winter, vernal bloom and tenderness, summer's calm and tempest, brightness, richness and rain, ripe mellow September, crisp October morning and her funereal pomp, and man, his works, the ruins of his pride, his living home, were studies—beautiful, wonderful studies—calling out the affections of his inmost heart."

The numerous journals, poems and miscellaneous MSS. left by the artist have been judiciously used in this volume. They are quite sufficient to establish the healthy, natural literary culture of the writer, without wearying us with attempts where the feeling was genuine, but the expression defective, either from a deficiency of the higher and peculiar order of poetical invention, or the loss of that early training in classical studies which at once restrains and invigorates the mind.

Of Cole's pleasing and thoughtful narratives, Mr. Noble, some time since, published in the *Literary World* several choice papers, as, "The Visit to Volterra and Vallambrosa." We shall, therefore, draw in preference upon his critical remarks for passages from his diaries. At different times we have these characteristics of the modern schools of England, France, and Italy:—

THREE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

"Although, in many respects, I was pleased with the English school of painting, yet, on the whole, I was disappointed. My natural eye was disgusted with its gaud and ostentation. To color and chiaroscuro all else is sacrificed. Design is forgotten. To catch the eye by some dazzling display seems to be the grand aim. The English have a mania for what they call generalizing, which is nothing more nor less than the idle art of making a little study go a great way; and their pictures are usually things full of sound and fury signifying nothing." The mechanical genius of the people exhibits itself in the mechanism of the art—the dexterous management of glazing, scumbling, &c. Frequent and crowded exhibitions of recently-painted pictures, and the gloom of the climate, account for the gaudy and glaring style in fashion. There are few exceptions among the artists of England to this meretricious style. * * *

"I visited the Louvre, but was painfully disappointed on finding that the works of the old masters were covered with the productions of modern painters. Although I had been informed that the present French artists were low in merit, I did not expect to find them, with little exception, so totally devoid of it. I was disgusted, in the beginning, with their subjects. Battle, murder and death, Venuses and Psyches, the bloody and voluptuous, are the things in which they seem to delight; and these are portrayed in a cold, hard, and often tawdry style, with an almost universal deficiency of chiaroscuro; the whole artificial, labored, and theatrical. This is alike applicable to portrait and landscape. In landscape they are poor, in portrait much inferior to the English, and in history cold and affected. In design they are much superior to the English, but in expression false.

"Scheffer's pictures are an exception. He has real feeling. A Tempest by him is admirable. In several others he approaches fine color; and in expression and composition he is truly fine. * * *

"What shall I say of modern Italian art?" as he writes some time subsequently to Dunlap. "I am afraid you will think I looked at

all with a jaundiced eye. I have been told that I did at the ancient also; if so, I have lost much enjoyment. I can only speak as I have felt. Italian painting is perhaps worse than the French, which it resembles in its frigidity. In landscape it is dry, and, in fact, wretched. There are a few German and English artists in Rome who paint with more soul than the Italians. It would scarcely be credited that, surrounded by the richest works of the old schools, there should be a total ignorance of the means of producing brilliancy and transparency, and that among the greater part of the Italians glazing is unknown; and the few who, from seeing the English at work, have acquired some knowledge of it, use magilps and varnishes as though they were deadly poisons. Indeed, of all meagre, starved things, an Italian's palette is the perfection."

His appreciation of Turner's pictures, in 1829, before the days of the Graduate of Oxford, is worth noticing:—

TURNER.

"December 12th, 1829.—I have just returned from visiting Turner and his pictures. I had expected to see an older looking man, with a countenance pale with thought; but I was entirely mistaken. * * * He has a good gallery, in which hang many of his finest pictures. The Building of Carthage is a splendid composition, and full of poetry. Magnificent piles of architecture fill the sides, while, in the middle of the picture, an arm of the sea or bay comes into the foreground, glittering in the light of the sun, which rises directly over it. The figures, vessels, &c., are all very appropriate. The composition resembles very closely some of Claude's. The color is fine, and the effect of sunshine excellent; but the sky around the sun appears to me to be too raw and yellow.

"Hannibal crossing the Alps in a snow storm is a sublime picture, with a powerful effect of chiaroscuro. In one picture, a magnificent scene, there was a dazzling effect of sunshine in the water; it seemed to be produced, independent of color, by a multitude of small, very dark spots amid the waves.

"His later pictures I admire very much. They appear to me, however, to have an artificial look. When considered separately from the subject, they are splendid combinations of color. But they are destitute of all appearance of solidity; all appears transparent and soft, and reminds one of jellies and confections. This appearance, I imagine, is the effect of an undue dislike to dulness or black. In light and shade, all is of the richest, brightest color. Nature, in her most exquisite beauty, abounds in darkness and dulness; above all, she possesses solidity."

His independence of thinking is shown in his analysis of the single impression made by

NIAGARA.

"September 4, 1847.—On Tuesday last, Maria and I returned from an excursion to Niagara. Niagara I have visited before. Its effect on my mind was perhaps as great as when I first saw it. But I am convinced that, sublime and beautiful as it is, it would soon cease to excite much emotion. The truth is, that the mind dwells not long with delight on objects whose main quality is motion, unless that motion is varied. Niagara, stupendous and unceasing as it is, is nevertheless comparatively limited—limited in its resources and duration. The mind quickly runs to the fountain head of all its waters; the eye marks the progress of its sinking to decay. The highest sublime the mind of man comprehendeth not. He stands upon one shore, but sees not the other. Not in action, but in deep repose, is the loftiest element of the sublime. With action, waste and ultimate exhaustion are asso-

ciated. In the pure blue sky is the highest sublime. There is the illimitable. When the soul essays to wing its flight into that awful profound, it returns tremblingly to its earthly rest. All is deep, unbroken repose up there—voiceless, motionless, without the colors, lights and shadows, and ever-changing draperies of the lower earth. There we look into the uncurtained, solemn serene—into the eternal, the infinite—towards the throne of the Almighty.

"The beauty of Niagara is truly wonderful, and of great variety. Morning and evening, noon and midnight, in storm and calm, summer and winter, it has a splendor all its own. In its green glancing depths there is beauty; and also in its white misty showers. In its snow-like drifts of foam below, beauty writhes in torment. Iris, at the presence of the sun, at the meek presence of the moon, wreathes its feet with brighter glories than she hangs around the temples of the cloud. Yet all is limited. It cannot bear comparison with that which haunts the upper abysses of the air. There is infinity in the cloud scenery of a sunset. Men see it, though, so commonly, that it ceases to make an impression upon them. Niagara they see but once or so, and then only for a little while; hence the power it exerts over their minds. Were there Niagaras around us daily, they would not only cease in most cases to be objects of pleasure, but would, very likely, become sources of annoyance."

To the religious awe and grandeur of Niagara he is, of course, sensible, while there is as much truth as acuteness in his expression of the limited power over the imagination and feelings of the sublime cataract.

The little poem, at the close of one of the chapters, has great beauty:—

TWILIGHT.

"The woods are dark; but yet the lingering light
Spreads its last beauty o'er the western sky.

How lovely are the portals of the night,
When stars come out to watch the day-light die.

"The woods are dark; but yet yon little bird
Is warbling by her newly furnished nest.
No sound beside in all the vale is heard:
But she for rapture cannot, cannot rest."

We trust this book will be received by the public as it deserves to be. The reputation of Cole, since his death, has been widely extended by the exhibitions and engravings of his works by the Art Union. Those who would understand his pictures should purchase the key in this volume. It well deserves to be the precursor of another edition of larger size, to contain appropriate engravings of the artist's great paintings and most important unfinished designs; or a similar work to the *Allston Remains* might be published with advantage.

In conclusion, we would again congratulate the friends of Cole in possessing so warm-hearted, poetical a transcript of his life as that drawn by the pen of Mr. Noble.

MEMORIALS OF FOX.*

SOME disappointment will inevitably be felt at the perusal, or, we should rather say, the unavoidable study, of this collection of materials for the life of Fox. The materials are valuable, but the world had a right, at this time of day, to expect a biography. Charles James Fox died in 1806, leaving his nephew, Lord Holland, as the guardian of his reputation. That eminently social nobleman was expected to write the life and vindicate

* *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*. Edited by the Rt. Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. 2 vols.: Blanchard & Lea.

cale the measures of the great honor of his house. Documents and letters were collected down to the year 1786, and left only partially arranged at that. Allen, the literary *attaché* of Holland House,—one of those men whose reputation for what he could do, is greater than for what he has done—a circumstance incident to such intellectual coteries, where the world is so agreeable in the present tense, that little is cared for posterity,—undertook the work over again *de novo*, wrote some valuable notes, and had a large portion of the correspondence copied. In that state, the papers were bequeathed by Lady Holland to Lord John Russell, to whom Lord Holland had said one day, while he himself was engaged upon the work, that it would yet be left his friend to finish. That friend has begun the publication, but the work is almost as far as ever from being finished. Lord John confesses to its “irregular and disjointed appearance.” An English critic compares its study to such knotty lucubrations as Coke upon Littleton.

The perplexity is still further increased by the mode of reference to the labors of this series of editors. You must mind your eye, or you will stumble incessantly. If the page is marked V. H., that is Lord Holland; if it is marked H. W., that is Horace Walpole, whose everlasting MSS. of course contribute something; if you are blocked up between brackets, you are in the intellectual grasp of Mr. Allen; and if you are waited upon at either end of the sentence by two star policemen, you are in the custody of Lord John Russell. Now and then, among as many dashing sportsmen driving through the thick woods, you get an undoubted glimpse of the mighty game, Fox himself.

It is to be hoped that some great biographie Dr. Johnson may yet arise to gather together the scattered remains of literature and politics, now thrown at random in the vasty deep.

Arma virum, tabulaque, et Troia gaza per undas.

Notwithstanding the want of time, and other pleas of brilliant, political, and fashionable editors, we suspect other causes at work in deferring this long expected biography. These literary undertakers had a great man's memory to deal with; a reputation which was not to be easily measured out by words and deeds. Fox was the representative of the great liberal cause,—a cause more congenial to the soul of Cato, than pleasing to the conquering gods and Pittites of Westminster. It was dangerous to submit this giant champion to the test of measures then not always successful, to prove his literary power by uncompleted literary undertakings, to write up to the notion of his present popularity; to attempt a colossal statue out of broken fragments of marble. When time has farther set its seal upon the great man's work, it may be an easier thing to write his biography.

Despairing of the labor of sifting these Memorials and Correspondence—a task which offers a fine opportunity to the well-remunerated toil and genius of quarterly reviewers—we pluck a passage or two of mark from the opening volume.

An entry in Walpole's Memoirs will show what was the gossip about Fox in his twenty-third year, in 1772, during his gay youth:—

GAMBLING SCENES OF THE LAST CENTURY.

“6th January, 1772. ‘Charles Fox, whose ambition was checked by the inactivity in Parliament, gave notice in the House of Com-

mons that he intended, on that day fortnight, to make a motion for the repeal of the Marriage Act, in order to bring in a new bill. His father, Lord Holland, had distinguished himself in the late reign by his animated opposition to that bill. When he moved this repeal he had not read the Marriage Act, nor did he till some days after. A few evenings before he had been at Brompton, on two errands; one to consult Justice Fielding on the penal laws, the other to borrow 10,000*l.*, which he brought to town, at the hazard of being robbed. As the gaming and extravagance of young men of quality had arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it. They had a club at Almack's, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaux of 50*l.* each, and generally there was 10,000*l.* in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid above 20,000*l.* for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamblers, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze greatcoats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their laced ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinzé. Each gamester had a small neat stand by him, to hold their tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold their rouleaux. They borrowed great sums of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, his Jerusalem Chamber.”

Another story from the same scandal-hunting pen is the natural growth of the foregoing. It is the same year.

A FOLLY OF THE WISE.

“In the summer of this year, a woman, who had been transported, and who, a few years before, had advertised herself as a *sensible woman* who gave advice on all emergencies, for half a guinea, was carried before Justice Fielding by a Quaker, whom she had defrauded of money, under the pretence of getting him a place by her interest with Ministers, to whom she pretended to be related. She called herself the Hon. Mrs. Grieve, and gave herself for cousin to Lord North, the Duke of Grafton, and Mrs. Fitzroy. She had bribed Lord North's porter to let her into his house, and as her dupes waited for her in the street, they concluded she had access to the Minister. Before Fielding she behaved with insolence, abused the Quaker, and told him she had disappointed him of the place because he was an immoral man, and had had a child. Her art and address had been so great that she had avoided being culpable of any fraud for which she could be committed to prison, and was dismissed, the Quaker having only power to sue her at common law for the recovery of his money, and for which suit she was not weak enough to wait when at liberty. But the Quaker's part of the story would not have spread Mrs. Grieve's renown, if a far more improbable dupe had not been caught in her snares. In a word, the famous Charles Fox had been the bubble of this woman, who undoubtedly had uncommon talents and a knowledge of the world. She had persuaded Fox, desperate with his debts, that she could procure for him as a wife a Miss Phipps, with a fortune of 80,000*l.*, who was just arrived from the West Indies. There was such a person coming over, but not with half the fortune, nor known to Mrs. Grieve. With this bait she amused Charles for many months, appointed meetings, and once persuaded him that, as Miss Phipps liked a fair man, and as he was

remarkably black, that he must powder his eyebrows. Of that intended interview he was disappointed by the imaginary lady's falling ill of what was afterwards pretended to be the small-pox. After he had waited some time, Mrs. Grieve affected to go to see if Miss Phipps was a little better, and able to receive her swain; but on opening the door, a servant-maid, who had been posted to wait on the stairs, as coming down with the remains of a basin of broth, told Mrs. Grieve that Miss Phipps was not well enough to receive the visit. Had a novice been the prey of these artifices, it would not have been extraordinary, but Charles Fox had been in the world from his childhood, and been treated as a man long before the season. He must have known there could not have been an Hon. Mrs. Grieve, nor such a being as she pretended to be. Indeed, in one stroke, she had a singular *finesse*; instead of asking him for money, which would have detected her plot at once, she was so artful as to lend him 300*l.*, or thereabouts, and she paid herself by his chariot standing frequently at her door, which served to impose on her more vulgar dupes.”

The sections relating to the American Revolution, the opposition to Lord North, the changes of administration, and the final treaty negotiations of 1783 are of especial value for the history of this country. From Lord John Russell's liberal remarks, interspersed during the progress of these affairs, we take his remarks on

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

“This declaration was the cry of an infant State. It has since grown to manhood; it has now a giant's strength.

“Whether it would have been possible to maintain the colonies in subjection to the Crown of England for a much longer period, may well be doubted. Trade regulated at Westminster could hardly be consistent with wealth and freedom at New York. Sources of dispute might have arisen, even if the plan of Lord Rockingham, or that of Lord Chatham, had been fully adopted. But it was the peculiar infelicity of George III. and Lord North that they turned to gall all those feelings of filial piety which had so long filled the breasts of the Americans.

“The Declaration of Independence has one singular defect in it, but which only proves the lingering affection, which the Americans still retained for the mother country.

“As Mr. Jefferson originally drew the Declaration of Independence, he charged the acts of which the Americans complained, in the first place to the King, but secondly to the people of Great Britain. Thus, he said of them, that ‘when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have, by their free election, re-established them in power.’ Then, again, he proposed to say, ‘These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce for ever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, is below their dignity. *Be it so, since they will have it.* The road to happiness and glory is open to us, too. We will tread it apart from them,’ &c.

“These expressions, though still in the tone of wounded affection, rather than of willing enmity, were too hostile to the English people to please the representatives of America. ‘The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with,’ says Mr. Jefferson, ‘still haunted the minds of many.’

More probably the fond regard long entertained for the mother country still vibrated in the hearts of most of those who now threw off her authority.

"Be that as it may, the omission of these passages warped the truth of this memorable Declaration. George III. appears in it as a single and despotic tyrant; as Philip II. must have appeared to the people of the Netherlands. The fact was that the Sovereign and his people were alike prejudiced, angry, and wilful."

And this passing tribute to

WASHINGTON.

"The success of America was owing, next to the errors of her adversaries, to the conduct and character of General Washington. In him were united the purity of the most disinterested patriotism with all the energy of the most stirring ambition; the utmost reluctance to engage in the contest, with the firmest will never to abandon it when begun; the most intrepid devotion of his life and his fame in hazardous attacks, with the calmest judgment in all matters political and military. The dissensions of Congress, the envy of rivals, the apathy of his troops, the calumnies of his enemies, neither excited him to rashness, nor stopped him in his career."

The present volumes bring events down to the year 1792, in the forty-third year of Fox's life. The future volumes will contain what we anticipate much enjoyment from, a series of letters written between 1790 and 1805, from Mr. Fox to Lord Holland, described by Lord John Russell, as "more literary than political, showing how keen was Mr. Fox's enjoyment of poetry, especially Greek and Italian," and which, he adds, "are the greatest value of the work."

BROOKS'S GERMAN LYRICS.*

MR. BROOKS has, in this volume, given us a selection of poems, of greater length than are generally found in collections of translated poetry. He introduces us also to many authors, heretofore but slightly known to any but German students. These form the staple of his volume, to the exclusion of greater but more familiar names; and this, we think, adds to its value. The minor poems of Goethe and Schiller are almost as familiar to us, from repeated translation, as they can be to the readers of their own fatherland. They seem now to be selected by translators, more as tests of their own skill, than as contributions to the popular enjoyment or information. Our present translator, while entirely excluding these familiar names,—as if to show his willingness to submit his skill and fidelity to the test of comparison,—has inserted one poem, on which almost every translator of German poetry has tried his or her hand, the beautiful ballad of the *Ministrel's Curse*, by Uhland. With this, and one or two other exceptions, his selections will, as we have said, be new to the general reader.

The leading place is given to Anastasius Grün, the *nom de plume* by which Count Auersberg, now a resident of Vienna, is known to Germany and the world. His poem, the *Ship Cincinnatus*, with which Mr. Brooks's volume opens, is one which should have a wide popularity in this as in its own country, occupied, as it is, in a great measure, with warm-hearted eulogy of our country.

The ship *Cincinnatus* is a United States man-of-war, lying in the Bay of Naples, off Pompeii.

* German Lyrics, by Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.

"A son of thine, America! stands, folding
His arms in silence, leaning 'gainst the mast;
With swelling heart the bay's wide coast
beholding.
He breathes farewell, and greets the mighty
past."

From the past, so strikingly presented in the exhumed city, the thoughts of the ship's officer turn to the present and the future, to his own country, the hope of the world. But we must let him speak in his own words:—

POMPEII.

"Castellamare, where Fort Anjou, shattered,
Stammers, in ruins, many a bloody word!
Elysium, where a ruined heaven lies scattered!
Avernus, ruin of a Hell, once feared!

* * * * *

"Pompeii, hail! thou most sublime of
corpses!

The present age, great body-snatcher, swings
His spade; and lo, with every stroke, he
forces

The past to render up its secret things!

"Thou art the face—that only—of the giant,
Whose body earth's vast pall still wraps
around!

Yet, in thy faded features, time defiant,
Signs of the full, old, joyous life are found.

"Thy Sarno, he that once so proudly sweep-
ing,

Thy treasures bore like an athletic slave,
Painfully now to ocean's bed goes creeping,
Like an old man on crutches to his grave!

"And Nature, triumphing o'er human powers,
Plants in thy grassy chambers many a tree,
Plants moss on altars, colonnades and tow-
ers,

As ensigns of her mighty victory!

"But ah! the Street of Tombs, unharmed, is
gleaming;

The grave, alone, is changeless here below!
And through thy lonely ways, his old smile
beaming,

Still the old sunshine paces to and fro!"

The following stanzas, relative to American civilization, are very beautiful, though the reader will smile at the fancy of the roe-buck:—

"Majestic streams, whereon, through still and
solemn

Old woods, the steamer's cloud far inland
goes,

And, like the guiding smoke of Israel's col-
umn,

The way to new and fairer Edens shows!

"Ye cities, springing over night, like flowers,
Behold, the roe-buck to your market-tank
Comes shyly for the fount, at noontide hours,
Whence, in the forest, yesterday he drank!

"Ye homes of scattered settlers—still planta-
tions—

Retreats of human woe, where gray old
trees,

Physicians with their leafy preparations,
Bend o'er the wounded heart and give it
ease!"

Turning over several pages, in which the muses' fancies pass to and fro across the Atlantic, we come to a choice picture of a frontier scene, which bears the evidence on its face of its fidelity to nature, and of the German hand by which its colors have been placed on the canvas:—

"Thou see'st my father's house, so German,
there,

As if in airy flight such angel-pair,
As bore Loretto's house of charity,

Right from the Rhine had brought thee o'er
the sea.

"I greet you, ye twin Lares, I your child;
Great Frederick, thee! thee, Joseph, wise
and mild!—

A rose-bush, climbing, peeps through win-
dow-pane;

He, too, as twig, once measured the wide
main.

"He sailed, one day, an Argonaut of spring—
From the safe port of home took sudden
wing,

The golden sun-fleece of far springs to find,
And left his darling nightingale behind.

"Thy love of home, O German! hath a glow
Like to the fiery wines that sparkle so,
And which, o'er farthest seas transported,
glows

More deeply and a richer flavor shows.

"Before the house there lies a field; all round,
Stumps of felled trees stand scattered o'er
the ground,

An old world's forum, of whose columns tall,
The storming foe left many a pedestal.

"And in the midst, on one, his deeds to scan,
As Triumphant, sits a grave old man;
His flashing axe, the sceptre in his hand,
His plough, a conqueror's ear, drove through
the land!"

Our last extract from this poem, whose only faults seem to us an exuberance of imagery, and a vagueness which it shares with many productions of German literature, is one which one of our own poets might have been proud to have written. Our national praises have, however, a pleasanter sound when thus wafted to us across the ocean than when the strain rises from our midst:—

THE EMIGRANT'S WELCOME.

"All to the deck tumultuously pour;
The eye would land ere yet they touch the
shore;

It questions and explores the far blue strand;
What bring'st thou me, my fancy's pro-
mised land!

"He, whom his home a crust of bread denied,
Sees orchards, golden corn-fields waving
wide,

'Midst vine-clad hills the roomy cellar spies,
And giant granaries, bursting, greet his
eyes.

"He who, embittered, fled a priest-vexed
land,

Looks for a great Pantheon by the strand,
Which, on those bigots flinging scorn and
shame,

Opens to all the gods, in One God's name.

"And he whose hand is bloody still and sore
With fetters which in Fatherland he bore,
Hails a free people who, with dance and
song,

Round Liberty's triumphal arches throng.

"Old man, who bringest across the billowy
sea

Life's little remnant, that wee property!
Thou dream'st of flowery woodlands green
and still,

Where soon shall rise thy lone and lowly
hill!

"O wife, thou see'st a neat white cottage;
there

One day shall rule thy quiet, faithful care;
Like Moses, raised on Nebo's height, thy
hand

Lifts up thy child to see the promised land!

"Tis yet far off! a belt of blueness dim
Stretches along the horizon's distant rim;
A blue streak rises from it, faint and soft;
Does obelisk, tower, or column soar aloft!

"Now they are near! 'Tis but a tree! It
stands

A solitary shaft; the top expands

A leafy dome, as if the obelisk tall
Bore a whole temple on its pedestal!
"It is Mauritius's palm, in breezes soft
Waving its branches like green fans aloft!
From the crown's airy height the whispering
breeze
Breathes, as from human lips, sweet sounds
like these:

"Fair welcome, stranger! Say, hath hunger
led
Thy footsteps hither! See, my fruit is bread;
Art thirsty! drink my palm-wine; I will be
Field, fountain, vineyard, all at once to thee!

"If naked, in my bark shalt thou be dressed,
If weary, lie beneath me, as my guest,
My shadow a light quilt shall o'er thee
spread;
Yea, I will be thy fleecy flock and bed!

"If thou wilt pray, I'll be thy green-arched
dome;
And when o'er land and sea thine eye would
roam,
In calm and storm, my top thy watch shall
be:
Church, tower and look-out shalt thou find
in me!

"Wild nature's sons live freely on this shore!
I am their kingdom, I their house and floor;
On bride's and infant's head my palm-wreaths
fall;
I murmur a low dirge one day for all!

"And canst thou floating, like Diogenes,
Jump right to land! But kick into the
sea
Thy cask behind thee as thou step'st ashore;
Not e'en thy tub is needed any more!"

We must couple with these a few stanzas
at the conclusion of the poem:—

"America, thou younger sister, greetings!
Oh, let her sorrowing children come to thee;
Lay them upon thy breast, and still the beat-
ings
Of their sad hearts with thy great sympa-
thy!

"Clasp hand in hand, sit heart on heart re-
clining,
Ye sisters, at your feet the sparkling sea;
Well may the crowns on Europe's brow be
twining
In thy green wreath, America, the free!

* * * * *

"The lights along the shore no more are
sparkling;
The very flag on board is veiled in night;
The stars of twice-twelve brother-States all
darkling
In that deep heaven-blue field, are lost from
sight.

"Yet see o'erhead, the flag, in glory stream-
ing,
Of Heaven's United Kingdoms, high un-
rolled:
The dark, sky-blue armorial field is gleam-
ing
With stars by millions, sparkling all in gold!"

In the following little lyric, the thought
and execution are as pure and precious as in
the golden circlet which furnishes its name.
It is also by Grün:—

THE RING.

"I sat upon a mountain,
From home-land far away,
Below me hills and valleys,
Meadows and corn-fields lay.

"The ring from off my finger
In reverie I drew,
The pledge of fond affection
She gave at our adieu.

"I held it like a spy-glass
Before my dreaming eye,
And, through the hooplet peeping,
The world began to spy.

"Ah, bright, green, sunny mountains,
And fields of waving gold!
In sooth, a lovely picture
For such fair frame to hold!

"Here many a neat, white cottage
Smiles on the wooded steep,
There scythe and sickle glisten
Along the valley's sweep!

"And farther onward stretcheth
The plain the stream glides through,
And (boundary guards of granite),
Beyond, the mountains blue.

"Cities, with domes of marble,
And thickets, fresh and green,
And clouds that, like my longings,
Towards the dim distance lean;

"Green earth and bright blue heaven,
The dwellers and their land—
All this, in one fair picture,
My golden hoop-frame spanned.

"Oh, fairest of fair pictures,
To see, by Love's ring spanned,
The green earth and blue heaven,
The people and their land!"

The selections from Grün occupy about a
third of the volume. The remaining space
is distributed among some thirty authors,
many of them now, we fancy, first presented
to English readers. Every poem is choice in
its way; and however large the liberty of
extract we might permit ourselves, we should
still be puzzled in our selection. As it is, we
must limit ourselves to a single poem, which
we take not as better than many others, but
on account of its bold attempt to connect the
pathetic with the most common-place inci-
dents of every-day life. It goes far beyond
Wordsworth's famous ballads in this respect.
Whether the reader laugh or cry, we have
little doubt but that he will be pleased with

THE LITTLE DOG OF BRETTÉ.

"There lived in Bretté city
A man both poor and blind,
Who for himself no longer
His bit of bread could find.

"Then was his faithful poodle
A friend in need, and bore
Between his teeth the basket,
And begged from door to door.

"A billet in the basket
Said: 'Give the blind man food'
And each one gave the poodle
Right gladly what he could.

"Which, then, the faithful creature
To his poor master bore,
And never touched a morsel,
Though oft-times hungering sore.

"But once he came, on Friday,
To where a butcher dwelt;
The simple beast had never
Man's cunning known or felt.

"The butcher was a bigot,
A Papist striet was he:
'Flesh wouldst thou have on Fast-day!
But stop! I'll give it thee.'

"Then chopped his little tail off
All at a single blow,
And threw it in the basket,
And said, 'There's meat, now go!'

"Disgraced and maimed, but faithful,
The basket home he bore,
And laid him on the threshold
And moaned and breathed no more!

"Then heavy grief and sorrow
On all the city fell,

For all the men and children
Had loved the dog so well.

"Above the city gate, now,
For a memorial is shown,
Without a tail, a poodle
Stands there, hewn out in stone.

"And when a faithful action
Meets base return, they say:
'He's treated as the poodle
Of Bretté was one day.'"

THE NATURAL HISTORY AND FINE ART PREPARATIONS FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

(From the London Literary Gazette, May 21.)

THE Crystal Palace at Sydenham, though as
yet but in embryo, gives already the enjoy-
ment of something new and elevating to the
senses. There, on the brow and summit of
a hill, commanding a panoramic view of ex-
tent and loveliness which will surprise many,
considering its proximity to the metropolis,
is silently but actively developing a structure
which will command present admiration and
be the wonder of all time. Now that one
end of the nave is raised and arched over at
its lofty summit, now that the reservoirs and
terraces are marked out, now that scientific
workmen are giving substance to philosophic
views, and now that the rich copies of art are
coming in from the different European val-
hallas, some idea is dimly shadowed forth of
what will be the crowning excellence and
magnificence of the mature whole. On
alighting from the train, after a run of twenty
minutes from London Bridge, the favored
visitor's attention is first directed to a mansion
on the left side of the road going Palace-
ward, surrounded with shrubs and cedar
trees, lately the residence of a wealthy mer-
chant, but now ticketed in bold and unmis-
takeably practical characters—Geological and
Zoological Workshops—a novelty to begin
with. Little did the owner of this stately
dwelling foresee the apparently base uses to
which his elaborately decorated apartments
would be subjected in the hands of a set of
ruthless naturalists; yet they are beyond
measure inspiring. This is the residence
of Mr. W. Thompson, the active Superin-
tendent of the Natural History Department.
We enter the marble hall and gilded draw-
ing room, and find him seated, in the style
commercial, at a table that has the aspect of
a kind of business new to us. He is probably
negotiating with the tropics for supplies of
animal skins, or of living mollusks and zoo-
phytes for his vivarium; or he may be pre-
paring directions for his stuffers and mounters.
No velvet carpet graces his floor, nor em-
broidered damask his windows. Pinned to
the satin-papered wall, where once, perhaps,
hung a Correggio, is a physical chart of the
geographical distribution over the globe of
plants and animals, and close by is a chart
illustrative of homozoic belts, isothermal
zones, and some other of the beautiful theo-
ries that have helped to bring the laws and
whims of nature into intelligent subjection.
Superintendent Thompson, at the suggestion
of Director Edward Forbes, will have nothing
to do with glass-cases and stiffly vertebrated
quadrupeds propped on four legs. Stuffer-in-
Chief Bartlett, the renowned restorer and
fledgling of extinct Dodos, is employed to
build up mimic caves and jungles, and tenant
them according to the realities of Hindoostan;
and already resting against the gilded panel-
ing of a satin-wood door may be seen a
fierce jaguar, on an uplifted tree-stem, ready
for the forest. Looking over a precipice

hard by, is a leopard; on the table, with his arms a-kinbo, sits our deceased friend the Chimpanzee of the Zoological Gardens; and below is another jaguar, suffering temporarily from lock-jaw; but as we must not tell the secrets of the prison-house, we will not rest content with a peep into the laboratory. Suspended on clothes' lines, as if they had just come from the wash, are a number of skins of all sorts of tropical and intertropical mammals, waiting for their supporting skeleton of bamboo bones. Happy the skin that has a skull to it! although the grim taxidermist does not mind butchering a sheep or a favourite dog, at a pinch, for the sake of his head, if he be of homologous kind. The means adopted for revivifying the mammalian dead must, indeed, be of a mysterious character to judge by the artificer's tools; for a more repulsive-looking set of instruments it never entered into the heart of operative surgeon to conceive.

In another workshop some experiments were making on living invertebrates, chiefly mollusks and crustacea. *Purpura* and beautiful *Actinia*, fresh from Newhaven, were sporting their tentacles in the water; and the workmen and attendants seemed to be as well up in their pedigree and habits as the veriest sophist. Their senses had received a sounder impression already than conchologist ever obtained in the closet. The shrewdness and easy apprehension of the subordinates in the Crystal Palace of the philosophic realities before them impress the visitor at every step, and demonstrate prophetically the effect this wondrous exhibition will have upon the people at large. The eye, bodily and mentally, will become tutored to a standard of excellence only known hitherto to an impracticable few; and who can foretell the result? How many brilliant thinkers, unconscious of their powers, may there not be at this moment clad in corduroy and fustian!

In the Ethnological Department, Director Latham is busily occupied in procuring subjects to illustrate the different types and typical varieties of the human race. His masks are chiefly obtained from sailors in foreign ships, where, for a consideration, he prevails upon the astonished exotics to lay themselves down on deck, and submit to the manipulations of the plasterer. An additional consideration and the aid of a razor, will sometimes procure a fine head of woolly hair for ethnological purposes, and a still further consideration will induce exotics of either sex to lay down, *au naturel*, and be moulded in plaster entire, saving thereby much time in the construction of the nude figure, and ensuring correctness. Already, has the learned Doctor procured a hundred and fifty masks of all nations, and artists are busily at work completing full-length models for them. Further, in this work-shop, we dare not trespass. Many of the properties are at present lying about piecemeal; and mutilated limbs are scattered abroad here and there by the worthy ethnologist with the *sang-froid* of a railway director.

Let us now visit Restorer-General Hawkins, and the Antediluvian Department. Here is being carried out, under the superintendence of Director Ansted, with colossal reality, the idea of giving life representations of the monsters inhabiting our planet in former epochs. Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, long known for his artistic skill in drawing and modelling animals, directed by the genius

of Owen, and furnished with the nearest living prototypes which afford him a safe guide, is employed in constructing the models. There will be two islands in the lake, one to represent the tertiary and the other the secondary epoch, and each reptile will be placed on the stratum—chalk, or wealden, or lias—characteristic of the period of its existence. An artificial tide of five feet will be produced by pumping the water in and out of its enormous reservoir, so that the amphibious kinds will, at high water, be more or less submerged. On the secondary island will appear the largest of all the extinct reptilian forms, the *Ichthyosaurus*. It is already cast five-and-thirty feet long, in substantial cement, and only waits the arrival of its gutta percha skin. For the tertiary island are already cast three species of *Plesiosaurus*, the *Labrynthodon*, a toad twelve feet long, and the *Teleosaurus*, a huge crocodilian form. The vegetation, consisting chiefly of coniferous trees, will necessarily be artificial; and here the gigantic sloths, the *Megatherium*, fifteen feet high, in a sitting posture, and the *Myodon*, will be rusticated, uplifted against trees of corresponding magnitude. Dr. Mantell's great discovery, the *Iguanodon*, already modelled by Mr. Hawkins, will appear in its presumed gigantic size; and, lastly, the great triumphs of philosophic acumen,—of Cuvier and of Owen respectively—the *Palæotherium*, a kind of tapir, and the *Dinornis*, an ostrich-like bird, will appear as glorious monuments of the skill with which these palæontologists built up by induction the entire forms of these animals from fragmentary evidences, and lived to see their generalizations confirmed by subsequent discoveries.

Of the art works we must speak on a future occasion. The Pompeian, Assyrian, and Egyptian Courts are advancing rapidly, under the direction of Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Wyatt, and their foreign assistants; and a collection of casts, of surpassing beauty, are already exposed to view.

Sir Joseph Paxton is proceeding speedily and most substantially with the works out of doors. He is planting trees and shrubs very assiduously, and otherwise preparing the general surface of the park and gardens. The shrubs already moved have been picked with the greatest care, and are all prettily-shaped, well-grown plants, consisting principally at present of rhododendrons, with bay trees, firs, junipers, cypress, and other evergreens. Mr. Schuster's pretty mansion has been levelled. The cedars which ornamented it are now the only indication of where it stood, for, unless we except the old cherry trees, now in full bloom, most of the other trees have been moved and grouped about in other places.

The mound of earth between the building and the ornamental water, on the right of the Broad Walk, is approaching its intended proportions, and the walks round it, and up to it, are in progress. Here the Temple of Roses, which is to crown it, will shortly be commenced. The Broad Walk begins to manifest itself more clearly. Balustrades of solid masonry, set in asphaltum, line the upper portion of it already, and are being continued round the circular reservoir, which is half-way down the walk. The stone-work is also in preparation, on the spot, for the larger reservoir at the lowest end of the Broad Walk. The terraces are progressing very rapidly. The upper one is nearly completed, and crowds of masons may be seen

at work on the lower one, which is of larger dimensions.

Lastly, the artesian well is in a very forward state. The removal of all the earth has been effected, and the sides have been cased with brick-work downward from the surface of the ground as the men dug deeper and deeper. At 150 feet from the ground, two large caves, called by the initiated "headings," branch out from the sides of the well in opposite directions: they are each 50 feet long, and are cased with bricks, which are everywhere imbedded in strong cement, indeed, the whole of the brickwork of the well is beautifully executed, as far as workmanship goes. The present depth of the well is 245 feet, which is as deep as it will be dug, for the workmen are now within 14 feet of the water, through which stratum they will not bore, lest the water should rush up and drown them. The water is expected to rise to within 64 feet of the surface, consequently the boring will be effected from a stage, which is now being built in the well at that depth. Three rows of large pipes for pumping already extend a considerable way up from the bottom of the well, and as soon as they are fixed the boring will at once be made. The well is 8 feet 6 inches in the clear. The earth brought up, of which there is quite a hill close to the mouth of the well, proves to be all London clay of the usual greyish brown or blue colour, and contains a good many small fossils in places. More plentiful, however, are the characteristic tenants of this formation, the great calcareous boulders.

UNPUBLISHED MSS. FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF
THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.
BY MOTLEY WARE, ESQ.

MR. M. A. TITMARSH.
From "*James's Dairy in America*."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY WORLD:

TRAVELINK in the sweet of my onored master, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Esquire, I have vued with a kontemplative and fillosophie I, my dere sir, the length and bredth of the kontinent of Haymerica; and now, when the long meditashun is over, and the tower ended, I have sit down to thro upon paper sum of my travelink impresuns for your colems.

What struck us fust in Haymerica was the buty of the feemales—which was far more distangy (if I am a jage of such maters) in their General Baring than the most fascinatink and overwhelminly butiful hangel of the WEST END OF LONDON. I must say I felt at fust a very grate kontemp for the asersshuns of varus riters on Haymerica, that the feemale sex there wuld equal in hellegance and hatrackiveness the chauming dauters of our hellevated hairystockmrey; but travelink himproves a man, and affords an opportunity to correct those mistaken noshuns which are takn up by sta-at-homers. I now konfess, greasefully and hopenly, that the Haymerican women go a head of us. I see on Broadway a millinery lady who in my umble hopinion was more distangy, more commy fo in manors and costoom and cap-tiveeating hackomplishmense than even Lady Harabella Haugustine Tufto (dauter of our friend General Tufto, K.C.B.), erself—and that is sayink much (she beink the son of buty in the Brittish metropoliss).

Enough for the feemales—bless their arts, I ham halways hegstra'ngint when I tuch on the subje; this is my agseuse for the length

of my parrygraf—my only agscuse; the subje incenseably dru me fourth.

I was much pleased with Brodway, though of course, in my long and frequent travelink, I ave scene other prommynades more distangy, and hofferink grater hatracktions; for hinstance, the bullyvart Italian, and the Boddy Blone at Parry, and the Rigin street, London. I was dalited, however, with Birnum's museem and the kuriousties there to be seen—the petrefid 'orse and other wurx of hatracktion. I spose Birnum will be Prsidant 1 of these das: as he in fac diserves from his patriotic cervices to his kountrymen (and wimmen). He's a goud man—and has my respectful feelink of hen-ouragement and happlause:—fur his maganimite in givink me a free tickit to his museem (puffawmance in the evenink, no hadditional charge) he is hereby presented with my thanse, and my cinsero wishes for his futur well-doin, and kontinud success; I shall not soon forgit—or as my onored friend Bulwig igspresses hit "loose from grateful memory"—his onorable and libberal conduce to so umble a member of the British press, as my self.

It would be imposable for me to speke at length of the 1000 objies of virtue and hellegance I was regailed with in Nu Yauk; but must be hallowed to menshun my visit to the newspapers. I observe the editurs generally are a most jovial set of fellers, and hevery way equal to the London redakters. I was an editur miself for a time while my onored master Mr. Titmarsh was on his Easter tower—hediting, they sed, with grate hellegance, the Hathaneem:—that ighly respectable diurnal weakly. I observe the suckilation went up to an henormus height when I rit the heady toryals which was a ighly gratifyink suckumstance to me; I ave not been regular headytur of any paprse—but have been spoke of often as Redakter ong chafe of the TIMES of London (wich konfidentially spekind is sadli in want of horiginal tallent). The hoffer has not been publikly maid me; but in kase such is the hintenshun of the propyrtors, I hereby volingtarly hannounce that under no suckumstances can I assume that posishun; the "Times" does not reflek my centimense, and I ave hever disapproved of its sneerink tone to Haymerica. I kould not konsighenshusly hassume the response ability.

To return to my travelink himpressions:—a wurd very much liked by my onored master's friend, Maieu Dumah, who has rit lately, I perceive, his travelink himpressions in Californya:—a mos deliteful re lieable book I have no uthly dout. My own feelink in travelink is ruther to henjoy than hobserve, owever, and I have injoyed much in this deliteful kountry. In Washinkton I listened very hattentively to the stupendous busts of helloquence comink from the lipse of the honubble members, and mus sa they are much superior to the ouse of commings. Mr. Drizyly is our honly horator now, and yet a forgetful komunity takes the reign from his anda. The conduce of nashuns is troli wonduffle and filze me with hastonishment and konjeketur as to what it is komink to finale.

I was much pleased with the colured popilation, and find my Suthern frends much slandered, and the subje of unjust oblique and reproche. They is happi, if I can juge, and in Virginya and elsewher seems to live on the fat and korn cakes of the Land.

Havink always konsidered the fust thing necessari to man, to be a shirt, a logink, and a supper—hor more filosofhialy speking, material support—and findink this afforded the culured class, I was irresistubble driv to the konelusion that they could not komplain—igspecially as grate nos. of white cityzens havink no property was long kep from votink. In a wurd, I koncur on this subje with my friends Proodon and Lewy Blank—to oom please turn, and igsamin.

But I ham ritink two much. I can honly sa that my visit to Haymerica has been one of the pleasantest times I ave ad. I ave ad my idears hexpanded, my feelinx changed, and himpressions—those lastink himpressions wich haffekt the conduce always—produced on me and my hintellect.

Again pardon my astily rittin parrygraf, and believe me with

Grate regawd, your frend,

JAMES D'ILLYPLOOSH.

POSCRIP:—I hobserve the spellink in this hepistle is at times deafeptive, wich plese hattribute to my aste and urry in preparink to leave your hosptable shoars. I do not think you will find many instances of this deafect; for my abit is to youniformly hobserve the rules of grammer and spellink. I do not happrove of those hauthors who, throwd on their genus, and biddink defiance to the cannons of kriterion and good tast, follow their hown idears, and hadopt that moad of hetymology most hagreable to therself. I ham in my centimense conservative, not reddikle.

P. POSCRIP:—My onored master, Mr. Titmarsh, Esquire, is not responsible for the vues here took of Haymerica. They is invarubly hattributable, alone hattributable to your frend and servnt,

JAMES D'ILLYPLOOSH.

POETRY.

The following poem, from *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1859, may possibly have furnished a hint to Mr. Poe for his *Haven*, which was first published in the *American Review* for Feb. 1845.

"THE RAVEN; OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—AN OLD BORDER LEGEND.

"There sits that old raven, accurs'd, on my wall;

Some demon sure dwells in his throat!
I tremble to hear him on 'Hildebrand' call,
With that hoarse and sepulchral note.

Attend me, young marksman, so brave and so bold!

But bring me that old raven dead.
I'll fill thy deep pouch with broad pieces of gold,
And young Edith shall sleep in thy bed.

But bring me the corse of that raven, I swear,
That, with many an acre beside,
I'll give thee that girl, so proud, and so fair,
My beautiful niece, for thy bride.

For many a month, for many a year,
I have sought that old raven to kill;
All my arrows have miss'd him, and so has my spear:

He croaks of my dead brother still!

If thou lovest my niece, Sir Marksman, she's thine,
When yon raven lies dead at my feet;
For whilst he has life, he's the torment of mine,
So rid me of him, I entreat."

"An oracle speaks from the breast of that bird!

A prophet is he, and a seer!
Young stranger! respect of that raven each word,

Though the heart of the guilty may fear!

Who injures that raven, so bold and so true,
No hand of young Edith shall claim.
For years has he spoken the tale that he knew,
When he croak'd forth my dead father's name!"

"Away with that girl! to the high northern tower;

She shall weep for her insolence there!
She shall feel the full weight of Earl Ethelbert's power,
By the depth of her own wild despair.

By holy St. Cuthbert, she there shall abide,
Till yon raven lies died at my feet.

Young stranger, I'll conquer that bosom of pride;
So kill me that bird, I entreat."

"My uncle! I'll go to thy turret so high,
But the scorn and the pride of this breast
Will last till that raven so ancient shall die,
Or thou have one moment of rest.

For years will that raven still sit on thy wall
And fill thee with horror and shame;
For still will that raven most mournfully call
My father, Sir Hildebrand's name.

No marksman has skill yon raven to kill;
Thou hast tried every weapon before:
Sir Hildebrand's name, that old raven still
Croaks louder, proud earl! than before."

Then wroth grew the earl, and pale turn'd his cheek,

For the raven flew over his head;
And flapping his wings, did in hoarse accents speak

The name of "Sir Hildebrand" dead.

Again from his bow an arrow he sent
At the raven who circle'd him round;
Back, back it return'd, both blunted and spent,
But the raven had never a wound!

Then forth from that raven's sepulchral throat

A laugh of derision there came;
And still it return'd to its favourite note,
And croak'd out "Sir Hildebrand's" name.

"Oh, send for a leech!" Earl Ethelbert cried;
"I am sad—I am sick—I am faint!"

"No; send for a beadsman," young Edith replied,
"For no leech can remove thy complaint.

'Tis the work of a priest, and not of a leech,
To cure this disease of thy mind;
The good father Paul thy disorder may reach,
Which no doctor on earth ere could find.

Young stranger, go seek the good father Paul,
And bid him come hither with speed;
For I see that the earl will confess to him all,
And may Mercy atone for the deed!"

"What deed dost thou mean?" cried the earl,
White as death;

"Oh, Edith, thou'rt growing insane!"
But his forehead was damp—short, short went his breath;
And agony swell'd every vein.

He fell on the ground, whilst the raven high soar'd

In a circle around the earl's head;
From his throat so sepulchral one word still he pour'd,
The name of "Sir Hildebrand" dead!

"Oh, God! I shall die if that raven I hear!
That name, how it thrills to my soul!
How it curdles my blood! I tremble with fear!

With anguish I cannot control!"

"'Tis the name of thy brother," said good Father Paul,

Approaching with beads and with hood;
"Say, why dost thou tremble to hear a bird call

On a brother so kind and so good?"

"I slew him in battle, that brother so brave,
As we fought 'gainst the foes of the cross:
His blood cries aloud from a far distant
grave;
Oh, how do I mourn for his loss!

'Twas envy that made me my brave brother
kill,

For I hated his worth and his fame:
Oh, find out some way my conscience to still
When I hear my lost Hildebrand's name!

To Edith I give all the wealth that I hold,
To her I resign it this day;
I sicken at thought of titles and gold,—
To thy cloister, oh, bear me away.

My brother! my brother! thy spirit can hear
My bitter remorse, my despair!
Forgive me, my brother! for sure thou art
near,
And bid yonder raven 'forbear!'

"Forbear, Master Ralph!" cried the monk to
the bird;
"Come hither and sit on my hand!"
The raven laughed loud on hearing that
word,
But came to that word of command.

"And dost thou forget when this raven was
young,
When he dropped from his old mother's
nest?
How we fed him, and taught him to speak a
new tongue—
That word that you now so detest!"

"'Tis my Hildebrand's voice!" the sick earl
exclaimed,
As the monk threw his dark cowl away.
"Oh, brother! this heart is both joyed and
ashamed,
When I think of that far battle day.

And art thou not, then, in a far distant
grave,
My Hildebrand! say, dost thou live?
And didst thou not die of that deep wound I
gave?
And canst thou, my brother, forgive?"

"Stand down, Master Ralph," Sir Hildebrand
cried,

"I want both my arms to embrace,—
To hold to my heart one so closely allied;
So, Ralph, to my brother give place!

I have witnessed with Edith for many a day,
Disguised as the good Father Paul,
Thy anguish at hearing this old raven say
That name that we taught him to call.

Let him croak on thy towers 'Sir Hildebrand'
still,
Whilst we sit below at our ease;
And teach him this young warrior's name, if
you will,
For perchance it may fair Edith please.

But wherefore that blush, lovely daughter of
mine!
Thou art loved, and thou lovest this youth.
Gallant knight, take her hand, my daughter
is thine;
I have proved both thy valour and truth!

Now, Ralph, thou hast plenty of work on thy
hands,
Sir Hildebrand's name ne'er will die.
Look, Ethelbert! brother! how solemn he
stands,
How keen is the glance of his eye!

Perchance he is thinking what name we shall
give
To the next of Sir Hildebrand's race;
Thou shalt learn it in time, honest Ralph, if
we live:
So, brother! another embrace!"

M. YVAN'S ADVENTURE WITH MR. BRAONE.

[From the review in *Blackwood* of Dr. Yvan's Government Expedition "From Brest to the Island of Bourbon." The Dr. is, en route, passing a few days in the neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro, when, on the search for objects of natural history, he meets with Mr. Braone.]

AN enthusiastic naturalist, Dr. Yvan spent every day, of the eight passed in the flower-hidden villa of the Serra dos Orgãos, in long excursions into the forests, collecting plants, birds, and insects. A negro bore his baggage—nets, tin boxes, and the rest of a naturalist's requisites; he himself carried a hatchet to clear his way, and a gun to bring down the gorgeous birds that swarm in those woods. The formidable jaguar haunts that region, but he never fell in with one; occasionally he caught sight of the peaceable tapir, but always out of range; serpents are seemingly rare in the Serra, for he never saw but one, although continually passing through tangled thickets and rank herbage, such as those reptiles are said to prefer. His oddest meeting, during his week's ramble, was with a biped—if, indeed, the account of the adventure be not a humorous fiction. He had reached, with much labour, the highest peaks of the Orgãos, had laid his hand upon the granite pipes of the gigantic organ, and was again descending, when he came upon one of those geological basins common in the Serra. It was of great extent, covered with abundant grass, resembling that of the Alpine and Pyrenean pasturages. In the centre of this natural circus rose an enormous block of granite, detached apparently by an antediluvian convulsion, and suggesting the idea of a monument destined to perpetuate the memory of some great event. Upon the top of this rock, which was clothed with fern and black moss, stood a small house, whose elegant aspect reminded Dr. Yvan of those humble chapels which mountaineers are wont to perch upon isolated peaks. A stream of water enveloped with a silvery fringe the base of the dark pedestal, and was lost amongst the grass. Upon the bank of this rivulet Dr. Yvan sat down to rest. As he did so, a voice above him addressed him in English. Without turning his head, he declared his ignorance of the language, and asked what was wanted of him. The voice replied in French, with a strong British accent—

"How odd these Frenchmen are," it said; "they think everybody must know their language, and they speak nothing but French."

"You are right," I replied, rising to get a view of my interlocutor; "the French are foolish enough to believe that theirs is the universal language: they are soon punished for their presumption when they put their noses out of their own country."

"The stranger was planted upon the summit of the rock, firm and straight upon his legs, like a chamois-hunter upon the brink of a precipice; he wore leather gaiters, a round jacket and a cap; an enormous hunting-knife hung at his side; his fresh and rosy countenance was surrounded by a fine red beard; he was tall and powerful, and in his whole appearance there was something frank and open which prepossessed in his favour. After a scrutinising glance at me, he again spoke.

"I am Mr. Braone," (I write the name as he pronounced it)—"will you come and rest in my house; I like the French very much."

"I told him my name, and, adopting the same formula he had employed, I added:—

"I will go with pleasure, and rest in your house; I like the English very much."

"Considering the odd manner in which our acquaintance was made, I though I might venture upon this last exaggeration. I climbed upon Mr. Braone's domain by help of a circular cutting in the granite; this modern Prometheus received me with extended hand; his ruddy complexion was sufficient evidence that the chains were very light which retained him upon his solitary rock, and that no vulture whatever was gnawing at his heart. Only a madman or philosopher was capable of living in such solitude, and I asked myself in which of the two categories I should class my new acquaintance.

"Mr. Braone took me into a small neatly-furnished parlor; it was a long narrow room, having three windows, with blinds to them, and containing cane chairs and sofa. He made me sit down at a table upon which were bottles containing port, sherry, brandy, rum, and a great bound book. When I was seated, he begged me to excuse him for a moment, and disappeared. In a quarter of an hour he returned, giving his arm to a young negress. This girl, who might be about eighteen years of age, wore a white dress with a large tippet, such as is worn by no women in the world except English ladies; her head was covered with a blue bonnet in similar taste; upon her feet were thick leather shoes, laced over the instep, and upon her hands she had thread gloves. She seemed very ill at ease in this attire. The poor creature had the dull bewildered look of the negroes of the coast; she had three deep scars above the root of the nose. Negroes recently introduced into the European colonies are almost all marked with some sign or other, resulting from a wound inflicted in their youth, as a means of subsequently identifying them; whereas the creole negroes do not practise this barbarous custom. Mr. Braone placed himself in front of me, his companion still leaning upon his arm; they both bowed, and the Englishman pointed to the young negress.

"C'était Madame Braone," he said.

"I returned, as seriously as I could, the salutation of this odd couple, but I confess I could think of nothing to say to them. After a second bow, the gentleman turned upon his heel and departed, taking with him his singular spouse. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, Mr. Braone reappeared, another negress upon his arm. This one, younger than the other, assuredly wore the dress her companion had just taken off, and, as she was much shorter, her gown dragged after her like a train. Mr. Braone, faithful to his country's customs, and to the prescribed mode of introduction, again bowed to me, and said:—

"C'était une autre Madame Braone."

"At this unheard-of declaration, I could not restrain an immense peal of laughter. My noisy hilarity did not offend my host; he merely raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed—

"Oh! these Frenchmen, they are surprised at everything!"

After some conversation, in the course of which Dr. Yvan in vain endeavoured to impress Mr. Brown with the impropriety of polygamy, the Anglo-Brazilian took down a horse-whip which hung behind the door, and blew the whistle in its handle. The signal was acknowledged by the entrance of five or six brown brats, who silently formed a line, like soldiers under arms.

"The Englishman considered them for a

moment with an air of satisfaction. Then he said to me—

"*C'étaient les petits Braone!* When I have three more little men like that, I will leave them all that I here possess—this house, these mountains, these lands; they will be richer than if they were the sons of slaves, and I will go to Sydney. Oh! if everybody followed my example, all the colonies would soon be as thronged as ant-hills!"

"I was in wonderment before Mr. Braone; I had not thought it possible for a man to be so completely mad with so much appearance of sense. After a short silence,

"Do you know," I said, "that if I were to relate, in France, your manner of life, and the circumstances under which we have made acquaintance, nobody would believe me?"

"Oh! certainly not," quickly replied the gentleman; "you French find the truth too extraordinary to be believed. When you go back, tell them simply what you have seen, and they will accuse you of romancing. Oh! yes."

"This idea of Mr. Braone's struck me by its justice, and I resolved to write down very exactly what I had just seen—not sorry to be taxed with exaggeration by reason of my exactness. When I rose to depart, Mr. Braone would have kept me to pass the evening with him; but I could not comply with his wish, for my friends were to leave the Serra upon the morrow, and I must be up before daybreak. On quitting the house, my host took me through the kitchen, where an old negress was putting upon the spit a couple of monkeys fully two feet long.

"If you will stay," said Mr. Braone, pointing to the gastronomical instrument, "there is our dinner."

"I stared at Mr. Braone with horror. At that moment I thought he looked like an ogre! The spitted quadrumanes bore the closest possible resemblance to the brown brats I had so lately seen. I thought of Saturn devouring his children. But the Englishman's impassible countenance reassured me; and, reflecting that a man may eat a monkey without being charged with cannibalism, I cordially shook the hand he held out to me.

"It was late when I reached our house in the Serra. My friends inquired how I had passed my day? I related my visit to Mr. Braone: they believed not a word of it. As we set out the next day, they had no opportunity of verifying my veracity, and they retained their first impression. Thus began the realization of Mr. Braone's prophecy. I now believe in the wisdom of the patriarch of the Serra."

FENIMORE COOPER'S INDIANS.

(From the New Series of "SAM SLICK").

AFTER a little mock modesty on the part of the Pilot, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and joined the circle.

"Well," said I, "pilot, how have you got on to-day?"

"Grand, sir," he said; "better than I expected. After you left us a light breeze sprung up, and took us in a very few minutes to the anchorin'-ground, and everythin' was made snug and safe."

"Payin' out the cable," said Cutler, who took up the conversation here, "operated as a signal to the Indians, who soon came on board to sell their beautiful bark-work, consistin' of slippers, ornamented with porcupines' quills, dyed of various colors, and

beads fancifully arranged, nests of circular boxes, and chair-bottoms finished in the same manner, and baskets of every shape and size made of birchen strips, not unlike the English willow manufacture. All these found a ready sale for presents to friends, on our return, and the men were desired to come back immediately to traffic for oil and fish. The Indians of New England have long since disappeared from that part of the continent in which I was born, and the first I ever saw were those of Nova Scotia. What a noble race they still are, though European vices and diseases, and above all, ardent spirits, have done so much to demoralize them. What an interesting people they are!"

"Well, I don't think so," said Eldad. "They are a dirty, idle, lazy, vagabond crew. Swaller like a crane, and sleep like a hog. When they have nothin' to eat, they hunt, or fish, and if they fail at that, beg. It's a common phrase with us, white folks, that a feller is as mean as an Indgin, or begs like an Indgin; and when they can't eat no more, and can't sleep no more, they squat down and play checkers. If that's interestin', then I want to know? How the plague can people be interestin' that take no interest in anythin' onder the sun? that's my logic. Why, if they were to see a rail-car or a balloon for the first time, they wouldn't as much as stop to look at it, but just pass on, as if it was an old story. They hante got no curiosity, and they hante got no ambition; and what's the use of a critter that hante got them two senses. When I was to Pictou for a load of coal last year, I met an Indgin at the pit waitin' for the foreman, to beg, I suppose. This officer was an Englishman; but old moose-meat didn't know that them folks in a general way are most as silent as a savage—would sooner give money any time than stop and jaw.

"Indgin," said I, "how do they raise the coals out of that ere everlastin', almighty, dark hole?"

"Why," said he (for they always have an answer, right or wrong), "why," said he, "lightem up fire, make tea-kittle boil, and up comes coal."

"Great invention that, Indgin, aint it?" said I.

"No," said he, "white man fool. If wood is scarce, instead of makin' forest come, as you do, Indgin goes to it. Indgin no fool; he builds his wigwam where wood, water, fish, and huntin' all meet. He has nothin' to do but stretchem out hand, help himself, and go to sleep. White men work all the time; work for drink, work for eat, work for coat, work for horse, work for ox, work for everythin'. Indgin never works."

"What do you think of such a feller as that, eh? Mighty interestin', aint it?"

"It's his logic, and that's all," said the skipper. "Fact is they didn't understand each other. One was a scholar, and the other a practical man. One looked at the past and future, and was filled with wonder and awe at the mysterious decrees of Providence; the other at the use and fitness of things before his eyes. I understood them both. Is there nothing interestin'," said Cutler, "in the fact of a noble race that peopled a whole continent being destined to disappear from the face of the earth, and leave no trace behind them? Whence came they? Who are they? And for what wise purpose is it, that they are to cease to exist? In working out their extinction—for we are used

as the instruments—are we not working out our own condemnation, and leaving an inheritance of sin and shame to our posterity? As Christians, and as men, this is a solemn question, and one which we shall, doubtless, be one day called upon to answer. Is there nothing interesting in their traditions, their legends, and above all, their language?"

"As for their language," said the pilot, "I would as soon learn the language of the wolf, or the bear. What in natur' is the use of it, except to trade? and signs will do for that."

"Mr. Slick," said Cutler, "ain't those beautiful pictures that Cooper has drawn of the Indian chiefs in his novels? Don't they give you the idea of a splendid race of men? of nature's nobility? In form, models of manly beauty; in qualities of mind, equal to the sages and heroes of antiquity."

"Tell you what," said I, "friend Cooper's trade was fiction, and fiction ain't truth, whatever else it is. I can't write books as well as he did, but I'm a bit of an artist in my own line, and can draw and paint a little, too."

"That you can," said Collingwood, "and draw as long a bow as any Indian or author."

"Thank you for nothin'," said I, "I owe you one for that."

"Well," said he, "you are able to pay it, if any man can, that's a fact."

"Well," said I, "there are two kinds of pictures, fancy sketches and sketches from natur'. His are all fancy work. I have been a great deal among the Indgins, and know them well. There never was such chiefs as he has drawn, and they never acted or talked that way. It's the fashion with us to make grand speeches for them, and make them talk like Ossian's heroes—half mist, foam, and cataraet, and half sun, moon, and stars, with a touch of insanity, runnin' through all. It sounds beautiful, school-galls get 'em by heart, and call 'em sublime; and commencement-day boys spout them out with awful effect; while their mothers open their mouths and swaller all, and their fathers scratch their heads, to feel if their scalps are safe, it sounds so nateral. A feller that can feed off a dead horse, that would pyson a crow, and smack his lips after it, and then go and lie down on his belly, and drink green swamp water by the quart, may be a hero; but he can't, accordin' to the natur' of things, be any great shakes of an orator. If he can, we had better shut up shop to Cambridge, and say larnin' is all buncum. They are a fine race of men, no doubt, and Providence had to make 'em so, otherwise wild beasts would have made mince-meat of them long before the Europeans did; but still, they are savages after all, and savage vices ever predominate over savage virtues. The questions you have broached, are deeply interestin', I do suppose; but Paul Tomahawk, and Peter Scalpin-knife are ugly customers, and not so easily civilized as you think. Old maids fancy nobody knows how to bring up children but them; but children know they are dry-nurses, and laugh at 'em. And Boston and Philadelphia philosophers think that they know how to christianize, humanize, and civilize savages; but savages look on 'em as harmless, tame cattle, that live on rich pastures, and like to lie down, chaw the cud, and look wise.

"Take a wild duck's eggs (I have often done it), hatch 'em out under a tame one, and as soon as their wings are strong enough, off they go; it's their natur'. Or rob a hawk's

nest, and hatch one of its eggs under a peahen, with her own, as soon as the young gentleman begins to feel his helm, he sups on his foster-brothers and sisters, and scars away with his nurse in his claws for dinner. That's the gratitude of savage life. You can't do it; no how you can fix it. They have an old proverb here, and I like proverbs, there is so much truth in 'em, in a small compass. An Indian, a partridge, and a spruce tree can't be tamed.

"Do you think they can't be civilized?" he said.

"No," said I, "I don't think no such thing. But we go the wrong way to work. The voluntary principle won't do, you must constrain 'em. Children are constrained, and so are school-boys, and so are students at universities, to say nothin' of apprentices and servants. Well, sodgers are disciplined by constraint, and so are sailors, the most difficult people in the world to deal with. Well, society is constrained by laws, police-officers, jails, penitentiaries, and gallowses. What in natur' is the use of talkin' to savages. They have nothin' in common with you. They don't think like you, value what you do, or have the same springs of action. It's all moonshine, it's beginnin' at the wrong end. See what fools the British made of themselves in the Caffre wars, from not knowin' this! Treatin' them naked savages like gentlemen, and takin' their word for peace. What the plague do English generals know about bush-fightin'? or the natur' of them heathen, on-tamed, rampaginous imps of darkness? And what security will they ever have of them critters keepin' the peace longer than when their stock of cattle is renewed, and a fresh supply of arms and ammunition laid in? But that's their look-out, and not mine; and this I will say, some of our Peace Society folks haven't much reason to lark at them either.

"These wise men of Goshen sent a missionary onet to the Burmese. Well, one day he built a bamboo tent near one of their temples, and as the heathens were goin' to idolotrize, he stood at the door to preach to them, and convert them. He took for his text that passage that refers to livin' water that quenches thirst for ever. Well, it was a capital text, if they could have understood it; but they didn't; and off they ran as hard as they could liek, and what was his horror when he saw them all return with cans, cups, gourds, calabashes, and what not, for the fluid; and when they found he hadn't it, they pulled down his bamboo camp, and took the sticks and thrashed him a'most to death. In fact, he never did get over it. He died from that ere beaten. They called him a Yankee cheat, and it lowered our great nation amazinly—fact, I assure you. The right way is—but you and I aint a-goin' to be missionaries, so we wont enter into details; at least, I aint. I don't want to be grilled, and eat for supper, that's a fact. I'd like to see them converted into Christians; but I don't want to be converted into a *curried clock-maker*, I can tell you. They are far above niggers though, that I will say; and they despise those woolly-headed, thick-sculled, long-heeled, monkey-faced gentlemen as much as you or I. In that particular, they have more pride than we have. White women do sometimes marry niggers, but an Indgin gall never. She'd die first. The Indgins here, in this country, are no fools, I tell you. Though they do eat like a boar

constrictor, swallow enough at one meal to last for two days, and that muddifies the brain, still they know what's good, and aint above looking a gift horse in the mouth."

MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— We are glad to couple mention of the Crystal Palace this week with the announcement of the literary Earl of Ellesmere and Mr. Dilke, of the *Athenæum*, as two of the British Commissioners to that Exhibition. The Earl is known in the most complimentary relation to literature, both as author and friend; and, as if to certify that connexion, the most pleasing connexion, we understand that he is accompanied by no less a personage than Shakspeare himself; not exactly the living man, but the life-like portrait of the great bard known as the Chandos portrait. Welcome to Ellesmere and Shakspeare! Of Mr. Dilke, the world has ample and satisfactory knowledge, associated as he has been for many years with one of the most judicious and prosperous journals of England. The *Athenæum* has in this country an honored name, and its worthy and accomplished representative, Mr. Dilke, will be warmly welcomed.

— The city swarms with daguerreotypes, so numerous, and in many cases so ghastly, as to shake the nerves of such as pass the cases where they are displayed. It seems to be forgotten that, to be a good daguerreotypist, one should, at least, have an artistic eye, if not an artistic hand. Whoever would test the question of merit of this kind, should examine, at the rooms of Mr. Haas, in Broadway, a head of Madame Alboni. In our judgment, this is one of the most delicate achievements of daguerrian skill, airy as lithograph, with all the fineness and finish of a line engraving. Mr. Haas is a true artist, and he spares no skill nor care to make his pictures perfect.

— Raciest of Paris Correspondents, in his last to the *Daily Times*, Dick Tinto, frames neatly a couple of Fine-art items, in this style:—

"Horace Vernet, in a moment of eccentricity, offered to paint a sign for an innkeeper of Bouffarik, a village near Algiers. He kept his word; and, some days ago, the sign was inaugurated with vast display and circumstance. The occasion was seized upon for a public holiday, as, of course, the matter in hand was a subject of general interest. The sign represents two episodes in one of the late Algerian campaigns; and the artist is said to have taken as much pains with it as if it was to hang at the gallery at Versailles. So, here is the future of a Bouffarik innkeeper, made by a circumstance totally independent of himself or his hostelry. For I take it for granted that he will become the fashionable landlord of the locality, which will be sure to be, in the course of time, a watering place, or a bathing resort, or a winter retreat, or the rendezvous of the travelling public, escaping the heat, or seeking a refuge from the cold.

"A-propos of painters, M. Caubet, there alist, has written a curious letter to the papers. This gentleman is noted for his hostility to the ideal, and his passion for the actual. He paints the most ugly landscapes that can be found in the vicinity of Paris. He always enlivens them with figures of very plain females, dressed in the most shabby gowns, and ill-fitting bonnets; and all this, because unattractive sights are more frequently met with than agreeable ones; because ladies without charms are more numerous than ladies with them; and because the pre-

vailing styles of dress are unbecoming, and in bad taste. This he calls *réalisme*. At the last two exhibitions, this man's hideous pictures have had a colossal success, merely on account of the eccentricity of the artist. In the catalogue, this year, M. Caubet is put down as the pupil of some one. He writes to the papers to say that this is an error, and that he never was the pupil of any one. He never had a master; and he never thought it necessary, as many young aspirants do, to place his name under the protection of some of the celebrities, in order to increase his chances of admission. He mentions a well-known painter that, some years ago, submitted a picture for examination, stating himself, upon the accompanying ticket, to be a 'pupil of Burgival.' The committee supposed Burgival to be some distinguished artist, although they had never heard of him, and received the picture unanimously. Burgival is nothing more, however, than a small village on the banks of the Seine. The committee did not recover from the effects of the joke for some weeks. 'Pupil of Burgival' was even printed in the catalogue, and many thousands were sold before the trick was discovered."

— Money is the magnet which draws the attention of all mankind, and to make money you must give money; on which several accounts it is, we presume, that Messrs. Warren & Nagle, treasurer and assistant treasurer of the Broadway Theatre, appropriately present the play of "Money" for their benefit night. It would be like singing an old song to recite the praise of the courtesy, and other good qualities of these gentlemen. There they are (in the box office), and they speak for themselves. For other attraction there is the novelty of the first appearance of a young lady, Miss Esmond, as Clara. The pleasing Miss Fanny Cramer enacts Georgiana; and the clever young actor from the Lyceum, Reynolds, is the Graves of the piece. The accomplished Henry Eyttinge appears in Napoleon's Old Guard, with an interlude of a distinguished Pole, in some mysterious performance, the name of which has not reached us. The evening is Thursday of this week; and the attendance should be—oh! *jam satis*!

— The *Irish American*, excellently edited with both spirit and judgment, by Messrs. Lynch & Cole, has reached a weekly issue of fifteen thousand copies, and claims 75,000 readers, distributed through the United States, the British Provinces, and Great Britain and Ireland.

— The *Huddersfield Chronicle* (Eng) has a fragrant reference to the song-birds of May:—

"All our migratory visitants have again resorted to their summer haunts, which they continue to tenant till the month of September, when they once more disperse, and seek the sunny climes of the south. The garden warbler, one of the *syliada*, closely resembles the blackcap, both in habits and the general character of its song, which is wild, rapid, and irregular, both in time and tone. Bechstein calls its voice flute-like; and the expression may not improperly be applied to some of its lower notes, which approach in mellowness even to those of the blackbird. The largest and latest of the wood-wrens has re-appeared this month, and already enlivens the woodland with its very peculiar cadence, which at once distinguishes it from the two others generically allied. The osier-holts and low marshy tracts resound with the varied notes of a delightful polyglot, the sedge warbler, which is more frequently heard than seen, though it may

occasionally be observed fitting on the uppermost twigs of the willows, giving rapid utterance to a succession of notes, as it flies from one branch to another. It is an imitative bird, its song being intermixed with the call of the sparrow and the notes of the swallow and skylark. This circumstance has procured for it, in some parts of our island, the appellation of the English mocking-bird. The sibilant notes of the grasshopper lark, which has, like the sedge-bird, more of the habits of an aquatic than of a sylvan warbler, may now be heard about sunset, in the low grounds, though it is by no means commonly distributed."

— And here is something *d-propos* to a Tulip Exhibition:—

"The fine sunny weather of the last few days has enabled Mr. Groom to hold his annual court of tulip admirers at Clapham-rise. Yesterday was the private view, and a very numerous and distinguished company honored the gardens with their presence. A finer exhibition of these beautiful exotics was certainly never brought together; and Mr. Groom has good reason to congratulate himself on the success which has attended his efforts in developing the beauty of the tulip. The 'show-bed' at present contains upwards of 2,000 plants in full bloom, and a more interesting floral exhibition it is scarcely possible to conceive. A very beautiful new flower, named after the 'Marquis of Bristol,' and valued at 100 guineas, was greatly admired during the day; and among the other more attractive plants, were the 'Countess of Wilton,' the 'Victoria Regina,' the 'Duchess of Sutherland,' &c. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, accompanied by the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, honored Mr. Groom with a visit yesterday, and remained some time admiring the gardens. The other visitors during the day included a large number of the aristocracy and members of the fashionable world."

— The *isms* appear to go together, according to the following statement:—

"The Archbishop of Dublin presided at a meeting of the Dublin Mesmeric Association a few days since, and observed 'that he was aware he had placed himself in a position which would draw upon him much of obloquy and ridicule, but he believed that he had shoulders broad enough to bear it.' His grace also observed 'that he was a living monument of the truth of mesmerism, having suffered severely for many years from rheumatism. When the doctors had done their best or worst, as the case might be, he was advised to have recourse to mesmerism as a last resource. In the course of one week he was perfectly cured, and has never since experienced any severe return of the complaint.'"

— Thomas Reid, described as a merchant, was charged, at a police-court, in London, with having interrupted the performance of the incantation scene in *Macbeth*, at the Princess's Theatre, the previous night. The defendant, the worse for drink, kept calling, "Stir it up—why don't you stir it up!" This was directed to the "witches," who were busied in compounding the "Hell-broth." The defendant, in explanation, said, "the whole thing appeared to him so ludicrous that he could not help laughing and expressing his feelings audibly." A fine of five shillings was inflicted and paid.

— M. Petin, one of the most intrepid aeronauts of Paris has gone to New Orleans, where he has positively succeeded in obtaining subscriptions to the amount of 500,000f., or 20,000l. sterling, for the construction of a huge flying-machine, with which he has engaged to travel from New York to Paris in thirty-six hours.

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